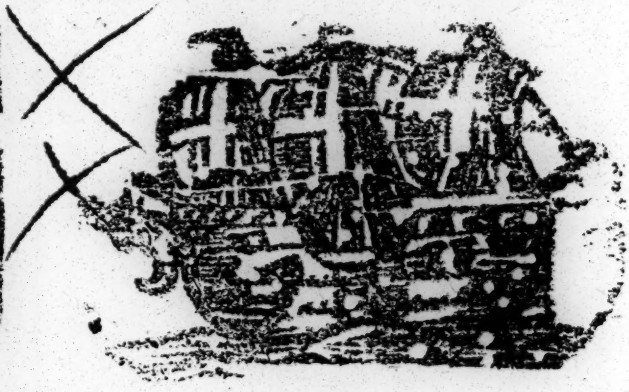
A WARNING for Married WOMEN:

Being an Example of Mrs. JANE REYNOLDS, *(a West-country Woman) born near* Plymouth, *who having plighted her Troth to a Seaman, was afterwards married to a Carpenter, and at last carried away by a Spiriet, the manner how shall be recited.*

To a West-country Tune, call'd, **The fair Maid of Briſtol: or, John True, &c.**



THere dwelt a fair maid in the Weſt,
of worthy birth and fame,
Near unto Plimoath ſtately town,
Jane Reynolds was her name.

This amſel dearly was belov'd
by a proper youth:
And what of her is to be ſaid,
is known for very truth:

Amongſt the reſt a Seaman brave
unto her a wooing came,
A comely proper youth he was,
James Harris, call'd by name.

The maid and young man was agreed,
as time did then allow,
Unto each other ſecretly
they made a ſolemn vow,

That they would ever faithful be,
whilſt Heaven afforded life;
He was to be her husband kind,
and she his faithful wife.

A day appointed was alſo
when they were to be married,
But before theſe things were brought to paſs,
matters were ſtrangely carried.

All you that faithfull lovers be,
give ear and hearken well,
And what of them became at laſt
I will directly tell:

The young man he was preſt to Sea,
and forced was to go,
His ſweet-heart ſhe muſt ſtay behind
whether she would or no.

And after he was from her gone,
ſhe three years for him ſtaid,
Expecting of his coming home,
and kept herſelf a maid.

At laſt news came that he was dead
with him a foraign land,
And how that he was buried,
ſhe well did underſtand.

For whoſe ſweet ſake the maiden ſhe
lamented many a day:
And never was ſhe known at all
the wanton for to play.

A Carpenter that liv'd hard by,
when he heard of the ſame,
Like as the other had done before,
to her a wooing came.

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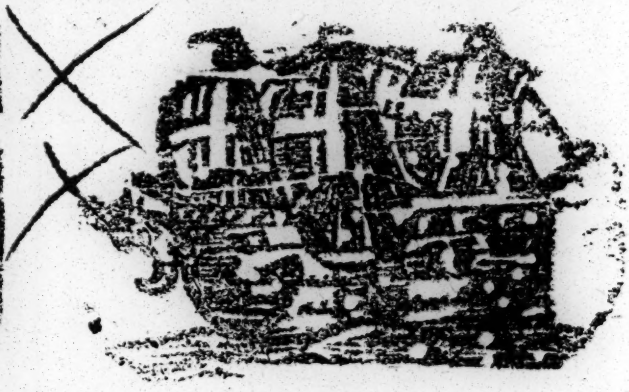

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Like as the other had done before,
to her a wooing came.

But when that he had gain'd her love,
they married were with speed,
And four years space (being man and wife)
they lovingly agreed.

Three pretty children in this time,
this lovely couple had,
Which made there father's heart rejoyce,
and mother wondrous glad.

But as occasion serv'd our time,
the good man took his way,
Some three days journy from his home
intending not to stay.

But whilst that he was gone away,
a spirit in the night,
Came to the window to his wife,
and did her sorely fright.

Which spirit spake like to a man,
and unto her did say,
'My dear and only love (quoth he)
'prepare and come away.

'James Harris is my name (quoth he)
'whom thou didst love so dear,
'And I have travel'd for thy sake,
'at least this seven year.

'And now I am return'd again,
'to take thee to my wife,
'And thou with me shalt go to Sea,
'to end all further strife.

O tempt me not, sweet James (quoth she)
with thee away to go,
If I should leave my children small,
alas, what would they do?

My husband is a Carpenter,
a Carpenter of great fame,
I would not for five hundred pounds
that he should know the same.

'I might have had a King's daughter,
'and she would have married me,
'But I forsook her golden crown,
'and for the love of thee.

'Therefore if thou'lt thy husband forsake,
'and thy children three also.
'I will forgive thee what is past,
'if thou wilt with me go.

I'll forsake my husband and
my little children three.
What means had thou to bring me to,
if I should go with thee?

'I have seven ships upon the sea,
'which they are come to land.
'With merriners and merchandize
'shall be at thy command.

'The ship wherein my love shall sail,
'is glorious to behold,
'The sails shall be of finest silk,
'and the mast of shining gold.

When he had told her these fair tales,
to love him she began,
Because he was in humane shape,
much like unto a man.

And so together away they went,
from off the English shore,
And since that time the womankind,
was never seen no more.

But when her husband he came home,
and found his wife was gone,
And left her three sweet pretty babes
within the house alone.

He beat his breast, he tore his hair,
the tears fell from his eyes,
And in the open streets he run,
with heavy doleful cries.

And in this sad distracted sate,
he hang'd himself for woe,
Upon a tree, near to the place,
the truth of all is so.

The children now are fatherless,
and left without a guide,
But yet no doubt the heavenly Powers,
will for them well provide.

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